

GEORGE A. ROMERO

EMPIRE OF THE DEAD

ACT TWO

ILLUSTRATED BY
DALIBORTALAJIC

MARVEL

4 of 5

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**



NYC UNDEAD UPDATE!



MAYOR CHANDRAKE



PENNY JONES



PAUL BARNUM



XAVIER

FIVE YEARS AFTER THE DEAD FIRST WALKED, NEW YORK CITY HAS BECOME A FORTRESS OF ISOLATION AGAINST THE UNDEAD PLAGUE VIA THE MILITARISTIC FORCES OF MAYOR CHANDRAKE AND HIS CABAL OF SECRET VAMPIRES!

PENNY JONES, A MEDICAL SCIENTIST, AND ZOMBIE WRANGLER PAUL BARNUM ARE WORKING TO TAME A ZOMBIE (AND FORMER SWAT OFFICER) NAMED XAVIER WHO NOT ONLY EXHIBITS INTELLIGENCE BUT SHOWED COMPASSION, SAVING A STREET URCHIN NAMED JO.

BUT IT'S NOT ALL GOOD NEWS. MAYOR CHANDRAKE KILLED HIS NEPHEW FOR DARING TO RUN AGAINST HIM WHILE A MAN NAMED RUNYON PULLS STRINGS TO QUIETLY BACK DARK HORSE CANDIDATE (AND VAMPIRE) CHILLY DOBBS. A BAND OF SOUTHERN REBELS MOVE TO INVADY NYC FROM NEW JERSEY! A VICTIM OF AN UNSANCTIONED VAMPIRE ATTACK WAS TAKEN TO PENNY'S HOSPITAL, BUT WHEN SHE BEGAN TO CHANGE SHE AND HER MOTHER WERE KILLED BY CHANDRAKE'S MEN.

NEW YORK REMAINS A DANGEROUS PLACE. BE PREPARED. STAY VIGILANT. AIM FOR THE BRAIN.

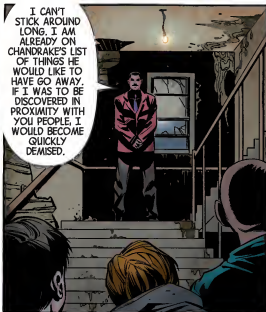
BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE 
CITY COUNCIL FOR SECURITY:

GEORGE ROMERO WRITER **DALIBOR TALAJIC** PENCILER
RICK MAGYAR INKER **RAIN BEREDO** COLOR ARTIST
VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERER **ALEXANDER LOZANO** COVER ARTIST
IRENE Y. LEE PRODUCTION **PETER GRUNWALD** PRODUCER
JAKE THOMAS ASSISTANT EDITOR **BILL ROSEMANN** EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER **DAN BUCKLEY** PUBLISHER

MANHATTAN'S WEST SIDE.



I CAN'T
STICK AROUND
LONG. I AM
ALREADY ON
CHANDRAKE'S LIST
OF THINGS HE
WOULD LIKE TO
HAVE GO AWAY.
IF I WAS TO BE
DISCOVERED IN
PROXIMITY WITH
ANY PEOPLE, I
WOULD BECOME
QUICKLY
DEMISED.





I DON'T
WANT TO "LIVE
FANCY."

THEN THESE
DIGS OUGHTA
SUIT YOU JUST
FINE.

I WANT...
CHANGE! **REAL**
CHANGE! I WANT
THIS CITY TO BE RUN
WITH **RESPECT** FOR
THE LAW! NOT THE
CROOKED WAY
THAT CHANDRAKE
RUNS THINGS.



MISTER DOBBS...
I HAVE INVESTED VERY
LARGE AMOUNTS OF
LETTUCE ON THE BET THAT
YOU ARE A GUY WHO, ALL
YOU WANT IS FOR OTHER
GUYS TO PLAY YOU FAIR.
I AM WITH YOU. ALL
THE WAY.

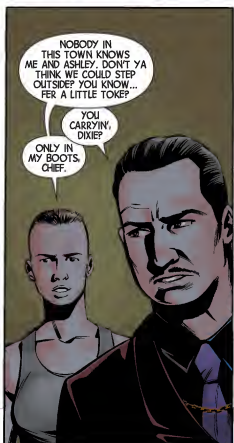
I APPRECIATE
YOUR CONFIDENCE IN
ME, IT'S JUST...WELL...
WHY ARE YOU SO
CONFIDENT?



SIMPLE.
THERE'S NO WAY YOU
CAN LOSE! EVERYBODY
KNOWS CHANDRAKE IS A
PHONY. EVERYONE KNOWS
HIS **NEPHEW** WAS A **PHONY**.
YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE
THE **REAL MCCOY!**



ASHLEY, I'M
NOT SO SURE ABOUT
THIS DOBBS FELLA.
HOPE WE HOOKED OUR
CABOOSE ONTO THE
RIGHT TRAIN.



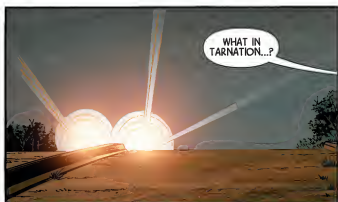
NOBODY IN
THIS TOWN KNOWS
ME AND ASHLEY. DON'T YA
THINK WE COULD STEP
OUTSIDE? YOU KNOW...
FER A LITTLE TOKE?

YOU
CARRYIN',
DIXIE?
ONLY IN
MY BOOTS,
CHIEF.



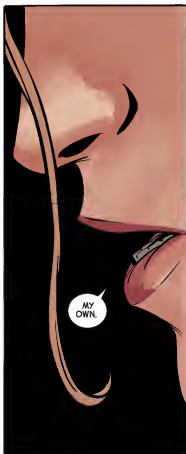
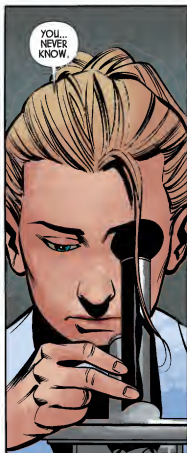
CAN'T CHANCE IT. THERE IS A WHOLE BUNCH OF DRIVERS WHO ARE ON CHANDRAKE'S PAYROLL. I'LL WALK. THANKS FOR THE, ER... VEGETABLES.



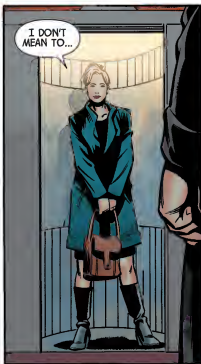












I DON'T
MEAN TO...



OH...I
THOUGHT
YOU'D BE
ALONE.

MY HUSBAND
IS NEVER ALONE.
HE'S ALWAYS GOT...
HIMSELF...TO KEEP
HIM COMPANY.

Y-YOUR...
HUSBAND?



I'M SO
SORRY...TO
INTRUDE...

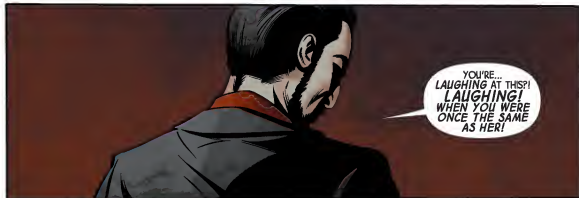
DON'T GO,
DOCTOR JONES.
LILITH WAS JUST
ABOUT TO
RETIRE.



DOCTOR
JONES!



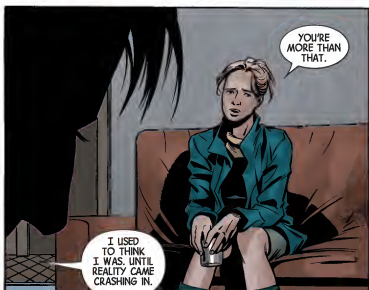
HAHAHA!
POOR DOCTOR
JONES!



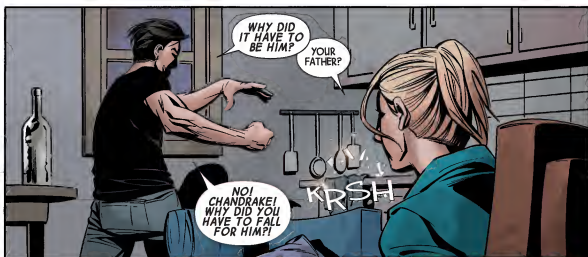
YOU'RE...
LAUGHING AT THIS?!
LAUGHING!
WHEN YOU WERE
ONCE THE SAME
AS HER!











I'VE ASKED YOU BEFORE. DID HE DO ANYTHING TO YOU? PHYSICALLY?



WHY IS THIS IMPORTANT? WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT MIGHT BE INTERPRETED AS...

YOU HAVE TO TRY...!



SORRY, OF COURSE YOU CAN'T REMEMBER. THAT'S WHAT...SOME MEN CAN...DO...TO SOME WOMEN. HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEEN TOGETHER? ALONE TOGETHER?



I CAN'T REMEMBER THAT EITHER, PAUL. WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?



NOTHING. I'M LETTING MY IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH ITSELF. GUESS...GUESS I'M JUST...JEALOUS. SORRY.

**MAYOR CHANDRAKE'S
APARTMENT.**

THIS MAYOR
IS FEATHERING HIS
OWN NEST! HE WINS...
WE ALL LOSE!



HE'S GOTTA
BE SOMEWHERE
IN THE CITY.




WITH ALL OUR
TECHNOLOGY, WE
OUGHTA BE ABLE TO
TRACK HIM.



WE WILL FIND
HIM, SIR. IT'S JUST
A MATTER OF...HOW
LONG WILL IT
TAKE.





HOW LONG DO
YOU THINK IT WOULD
TAKE ME TO REPLACE
YOU, SOLDIER?



NOT VERY
LONG AT ALL,
SIR.

WELL, THAT'S
HOW LONG YOU
HAVE TO FIND
THIS GUY!



DOBBS CAN'T
DAMAGE YOU. I
MEAN...WHO IS HE?
SOME **SCHMUCK!**
WAY OFF THE
RADAR.



HE STAYS
OFF THE RADAR
LONG ENOUGH. ALL
OF A SUDDEN HE'S
ON THE RADAR!
THAT'S HOW IT IS
THESE DAYS.

TAPPAN ZEE BRIDGE.





PARK STREET
TAVERN.

WHAT'S
GOIN' ON,
BOSS?

WHAT D'YA
MEAN?



YOU BEEN
WALKIN' 'ROUND
LIKE A HOG WITH
AN AXE IN ITS HEAD.
WHAT'S YOUR
TROUBLE?



SLIPSHOD...SUPPOSE YOU KNEW
THAT ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS
WAS DOING SOMETHING
WRONG. I MEAN...REALLY...BAD,
BAD WRONG. WOULD YOU
BLOW THE WHISTLE
ON THE GUY?



IF HE WAS A REAL FRIEND...
SAY, LIKE YOU...NO, SIR, I
WOULD NOT BLOW
THAT WHISTLE.

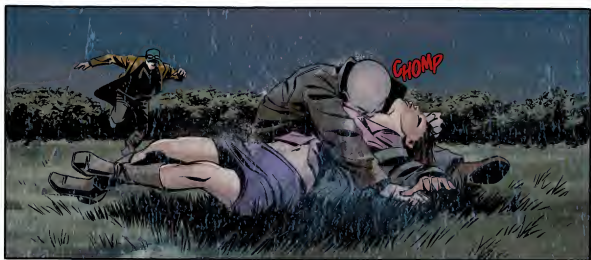
WHAT IF...HE
WASN'T QUITE
AS CLOSE AS YOU
AND ME?

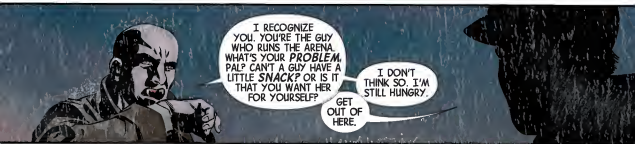


WELL...
I GUESS I'D
HAFTA...THINK
TWICE.



THANK YOU,
SLIPSHOD. YOU
HAVE BEEN
ABSOLUTELY NO
HELP AT ALL.







FOLIE